




THE FIGHT FOR THE UNION.



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THE
FIGHT FOR THE UNION.

A POEM.

BY
VALENTINE MOTT FRANCIS, M.D.

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JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER, 50 GREENE STREET.
1863.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by

VALENTINE MOTT FRANCIS,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District
of New York.

TO THE
MEMORY OF MY BROTHER-IN-LAW,
LIEUT. CHARLES R. CARVILLE,
OF NEW YORK,
SECOND DURYEA'S ZOUAVES,
165TH REGIMENT, NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS,
WHO WAS KILLED ON THE 27TH OF MAY, 1863, WHILE GALLANTLY
LEADING HIS MEN TO THE ATTACK ON THE
FORTIFICATIONS AT PORT HUDSON.

THIS POEM

IS MOST LOVINGLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

IF, in these verses, one single sentiment of love can be added to the many that already exist towards the Union and Flag of our Country; or the despondency of a solitary patriot be somewhat dispelled by them, the Author will congratulate himself, and consider his end gained.

Should the great Republic be shattered into fragments, the happiness of mankind will be imperilled. Let every one, then, use all proper means to avert the dire calamity. Let them give their prayers, their voice, their pen, their money, their life: or, if need be, all five.

V. M. F.

NEW YORK, June, 1863.

THE FIGHT FOR THE UNION.



I.

ON the twelfth day of April, eighteen sixty-one,
The fierce rebels' fight 'gainst the Union begun.
Our Star-spangled Banner o'er Sumter's high walls,
Was floating in answer to Liberty's calls.

II.

Brave Anderson faithfully held it on high :
The Stars and the Stripes thus forever shall fly,
" O'er the land of the free and home of the brave,"
In all foreign soils and on the dark wave.

III.

From South Carolina, there came a fierce voice :
" We will not submit to a free people's choice ;
Down, down with this emblem of Freedom's success !
'Tis the slave-owner's flag our children shall bless !

IV.

“ We will not respect for a single day more
The vile striped rag that floats o’er our shore ;
Disgrace it, spit on it, and tear it down now,
The sooner the better ! and no matter how.

V.

“ To Slavery’s standard alone will we bow,
The white man shall live by the slave’s sweated brow ;
Mean mudsills shall cower, and Northerners die,
’Neath the powerful glance of the Southerner’s eye.

VI.

“ Abolitionists, Lincolmites, Yankees, and all,
Who stand by that flag now, forever shall fall ;
Those scum of the earth and those teachers from hell,
From South Carolina have heard their death knell.

VII.

“ Die ! unionists, patriots, or Southern men,
Who in its defence wield the sword or the pen.
The voice of the people shall no longer rule,
Nor mandates obey of a rail-splitting fool.

VIII.

“ Our wild deeds of daring shall make mankind gape ;
In a halter we’ll hang the old Illinois ape ;
We’ll seize on their capital. In Faneuil Hall
Shall be given the first grand Confederate ball.”

IX.

With such words and worse deeds their treason began ;
They declared they would fight to the very last man ;
If conquered, “ their bones should lie in the last ditch,”
Their frenzy had wrought them to such a mad pitch.

X.

It’s needless to tell all the sad, shameful story,
How the old flag was lowered all covered with glory ;
But one fact we’ll write, for it is most true,
The Stars and the Stripes were ne’er lowered to you.

XI.

Hot flames and starvation alone brought it down,
And salvos saluted that flag of renown ;
Fifty guns thundered forth, with fifty cheers more,
While the garrison marched out with honors of war.

XII.

You call it a victory covered with glory !
Six thousand to fifty ! oh, what a sad story !
Three months and a half by request "let alone"—
. How was the time passed ? let humanity moan.

XIII.

It was spent in preparing the engines of war,
To beat down a flag. Oh ! just Heaven, what for ?
Your leaders have owned that it ne'er did you wrong,
And your only excuse is, "we've served it too long."

XIV.

Is this then your plea for rebellion and blood ?
No mortal has heard such an one since the flood.
The worst men of old in comparison shame
The beings who give an excuse that's so lame.

XV.

Shame, shame on the men, who for thirty odd years
Have striven to cause what the patriot fears ;
Who boldly declare, it is not for what's past,
But for fear of the evils which must come at last.

XVI.

You traitors that spring from the Palmetto State,
 In fighting that flag, you, of all, sealed your fate.
 Your boasting and bragging will get their reward,
 Perhaps at the end of a stout hempen cord.

XVII.

Sister States with Secession have since taken part,
 To break up the Union, loved in each true heart,
 The delight of the world, and the pride of the earth,
 The cradle of liberty, place of its birth.

XVIII.

Oh, it never shall fall, that sweet Union so true
 That gave all to us, and that gave all to you !
 Fight as fierce as you please, but your time will soon
 come,
 To the tapping and rolling of patriots' drum.

XIX.

The pulsebeats of thousands have ceased in the strife ;
 Their hearts' blood has flowed from the bullet and knife :
 In the smoke of the cannon their sweet souls have fled,
 And numbered they lie with the great Union dead.

XX.

As soon as they fall thousands more take their stand
In the ranks of the Government's disciplined band.
Their cry is fair freedom, "good will to all men,"
Our land as it was, and shall soon be again.

XXI.

The more that you struggle by sea and by land,
The tighter will gripe our Government's hand ;
Till at last, in despair, you'll be forced to surrender,
And joyfully take honest Abe's legal tender.

XXII.

We wish not to war on you, brothers, this way ;
But the cause of the Union must have its full sway.
Oh, lay down your arms, and come back to your flag,
Cease abuse, stop your fighting, and no longer brag !

XXIII.

We would not see harm to one Southerner more,
And the sin, if you fight, will be laid at your door.
In the language of true love we bid you return,
And the lamp of firm friendship shall lovingly burn.

XXIV.

Come back to us then, dear, deceived, erring brothers,
Be as loving to us as you would be to others ;
For no one can love, though they love like a lamb,
To equal the love of our dear Uncle Sam.

XXV.

We ask not your money, your freedom, or life,
We only entreat you lay down the cold knife ;
Help us build up that Union, in vain you assail,
Shouts of joy shall be heard then instead of the wail.

XXVI.

But if you persist in your unrighteous war,
Neither cannons nor false international law,
Nor bayonets, nor bullets, nor aught we can mention,
Not even the fiercest of vile intervention,

XXVII.

Can save you, poor brothers, the sad, certain doom,
That awaits you and warningly points to the tomb ;
That will come just as surely as grim, stealthy death
Comes to ask for his payment for life—our breath.

XXVIII.

For the Flag of the Union in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the patriot's grave.
Proud tyrants shall tremble, and vile traitors die,
While fierce monarchs must own to the scandalous lie

XXIX.

That they told when they said the " Republic is rended,
It has seen its best days like a chimera ended."
Each copperhead, sneaking, shall crawl to his den,
When he sees the old Union triumphant again.

XXX.

Good men shall rejoice and all patriots cry :
Thus the Flag of the Union forever shall fly ;
Its enemies branded, its prestige restored,
In power much greater, by aid of the Lord.

XXXI.

Our trust is in Him, who will always dispose,
No matter how earnestly man may propose.
The fate of all men, and the fate of each land,
Are held, like the sea, in the palm of His hand.



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